

Strong As An Oak
Watsky

[Intro]

```
e |-----|
B |-----|
G |-----|
D |-----|
A |-----0---3---3---0-----|
E |---3-----3---|
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[C C Am]

```
e |-----|
B |-----|
G |---2---0-----|
D |-----2---0-----|
A |-----3-----|
E |-----|
```

[F F C]

```
e |-----|
B |-----|
G |-----|
D |-----0h2p0-----|
A |---3-----3-----|
E |-----|
```

[F F Am]

[F Em G C]

[Chorus]

C **C** **Am**
Everything is A-OK (yep)

F **F** **C**
Because Im strong as an O-A-K (an Oak!)

F **F** **Am**
But money dont grow on trees

F **Em** **G** **C**
And Iâ€™m B-R-O-K-E (Broke!)

(Repeat same pattern for rest of song)

[Verse 1]

Them rims them rings them things, you can bring em out

I just had my debit card declined at in N out
The line is flipping out. Giving me evil eyes
Fuck the soda, re-run it with just the cheesy fries
cause i don t think money is THE devil
I m not sinking, i m just kicking it at sea level
I got my floaties on
I m focusing on all the wonderful stuff with the force of Obi Wan
Kenobi Bro, I m broke although I won t be woebegone
Cause even though my bank account is low or overdrawn
I m down to mow yer lawn
I m getting open I m soaking up every moment and so we
should make a toast we won t be sober til the broke of dawn
because beer is cheap
and because love is free
I m buzzin feeling like every friend is a cousin, G
And someday we ll be reminiscing on some wasn t we
Just so down and out
But we were happy then (cause)

[Chorus]

C **C** **Am**
Everything is A-OK (yep)

F **F** **C**
Because Im strong as an O-A-K (an Oak!)

F **F** **Am**
But money dont grow on trees

F **Em** **G** **C**
And Iâ€™m B-R-O-K-E (Broke!)

[Verse 2]

why should I sit on my ass on the couch and be asking why life isn t equal?
with lesser possessions I m light as a feather and so I can fly like an eagle
Cause everyone dies and I wonder why leaders in power would lie to their people
be planning like they could be fitting a camel up into the eye of a needle
but dammit I d i settle for fitting a 94 Camry inside of my driveway
i m sick of the image I m living my life and i m doing in my way
I d rather be making the choices I m proud of than chasing a mountain of money
But if that mountain comes to me, I m climbing it
Gotta a brick and I m laying it down
got a shovel, I m breaking this ground
because I m in red
but it s only a color that I will be painting this town
Because when I make it then I dedicate it to friends I stayed with who would do
me
favours even lend me paper when I couldn t pay for a little takeout
to the fact
that whatever you think that it means
I be here and I m living my dreams
And it s cause of the people I leaned

on when I came apart at the seams
So gimme the moon
And gimme the spoon
I m licking it clean
Until there just ain t nothing left
But who will lend a hand